

Void Interlude

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Void Interlude

by [Wodniars_Void](#)

Summary

Walter Herbert Oglevee Morrison Soot-Crondale is a man of many talents, and with those talents come many responsibilities. In an endeavor to actually do his job, Walter slips off to the Void between time and space. Unfortunately, an unexpected visitor throws his peaceful moment alone into the trash, sets it on fire, and attempts to electrocute him for good measure. Which, as he considers the situation, was rather deserved.

OR: Walter Crondale is trying to actually do his job for once, and inevitably cannot catch a break.

Notes

Hey folks! I'm back at it again with a little fwiadc side piece! I personally recommend you read chapter 70 of "cc!wilbur gets punched in the face" to get proper context for this one :)

I also recommend checking out the document released by Eret about the scrapped season 1 finale! While not required reading it may provide an extra bit of Spice ;) and you guys should see how cool the ideas were because it is a CRIME that finale was stolen from us. It's canon in my heart

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Peace and normalcy were rare things, for Walter Herbert Oglevee Morrison Soot-Crondale. True peace -the kind of contentment and joy like a breath of fresh air when you step outside after a long day- was usually beyond him, between his missing husband, divine duties, and the human war raging around him. However, now that Wilbur was found and they were far from the war he had been fighting, Walter felt as if he could take a breath. As he slipped into the Void, he smiled, and let his form loosen itself into a more relaxed state. Reaching for the strings of time, he began to weave the next path through time and space.

Now, Walter was not a man easily frightened. As one of the most powerful beings in the rankings of the gods, very few beings could harm him. Fewer could go beyond that and kill him, or as close as you come to death as a god. If you did not fear death, for you could not die, what *did* you fear? For Walter, that was most often loss, those he held dear slipping from his careful grasp. Second place went to the accursed animal known as a Platypus -an adorable affront to creation he was incredibly intimidated by- but that was a different sort of fear to the abstract concepts that affect every being in the universe. That is to say, Walter did not *scare* easily. But he could be startled, should he be caught unawares.

Focused on his work in the peace of his own thoughts, the sound of someone bursting into the Void was indeed very startling. So much in fact, that Walter screeched and nearly dropped his timelines, scrambling to catch them as he whipped around to look at whoever had come storming in.

“ ***YOU.***” DreamXD thundered, sparking with rage and power. “ *WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?* ”

Walter gaped, non-existent chest heaving. “ **By the Creators, XD, warn a man when you come in! Knock or something!** ”

DreamXD ignored him, leaning across the nebulous space to jab a finger at Walter’s chest.

“ *You’ve meddled with my project! My **Server** !* ” the God snarled. “ *You’ve ruined it!* ”

This sent Walter stumbling back, though less from the touch and more surprise.

“ **What? I haven’t touched your precious little *project* ! What are you talking about?** ”

“ *Someone* ” the god bit out, barely restrained hatred writhing beneath his cloak, “ *Has **disrupted** my timeline. Practically **destroyed** it. You **know** how long I’ve spent on this project. And I don’t take kindly to meddling in my domain.* ”

“ XD. You know I don’t approve of your little show, but I don’t go interfering without great caution. ” Walter raised his vaguely armlike tendrils of eyes. **“ I do what I need to do and leave the rest be. If something’s wrong, it wasn’t me. ”**

“ Who else could it be? You’re the only Being in this corner of the universe with the power to alter the timelines, aside from the Creators themselves- and they don’t concern themselves with such little things. ”

Walter bit back a remark -what would XD know of the Creators? It wasn’t like *he* was directly employed by them, no, he had several layers of bureaucracy between him and them. Walter at least had *spoken* with the Creators, seen their orders with his own eyes. But no matter how much Walter wanted to put the god in his place, he had a husband and about 20 other people to finish moving to another timeline. He pinched the space where his nose bridge would’ve been and sighed.

“ What happened, XD? ”

The green, haloed god straightened. *“ My Server is fraying. Something disturbed it, and it destabilized from my set course. The threads of the timeline have split. Luckily, it was near the reset point and I was able to tie the Loop, but some strands have broken. I cannot begin the next Loop until they’re fixed. ”*

“And? Threads break frequently, XD. The very nature of life is chaotic and unpredictable.”

“I know that!” XD snapped. “ The problem is, with the fraying, at least one core strand broke. And unraveled from the rest of the timeline, it unwound its way all the way to the start! ”

This gave Walter pause. XD was lucky to be working with Loops, winding a timeline over itself over and over again, where such a breakage could be contained. But a break in the timeline’s thread was no laughing matter- and most certainly not when a *core* thread was involved. The loss of a core strand could destabilize the entire timeline and cause it to end, worst come to worst. You can’t keep knitting if your yarn is cut, after all.

“ An unwinding? That is serious. Show me. ”

XD gave him a pointed look, but waved one of his floating hands and conjured the timeline. It was a long one, shimmering faintly with the god’s signature green. Compared to the tapestries some worlds became, it was more like a *very* long line of slip knots- centuries upon centuries tied together in loops, repeating over and over without the knowledge of the

inhabitants within. Walter politely withheld a usual comment on the ethics of the matter (XD's Server, XD's Rules, he reminded himself) in favor of focusing on the latest loop. It was just barely smaller than the others, like XD had tied it before he usually did. The knot holding the loop together was less neat than the previous few, but just as sturdy. The growing end of the timeline was poking out of it, frayed and sparking. Worst of all, as he looked closer, Walter could see one of the largest threads was missing from the knot. Tracing the path of the loop from the frayed end, he found a single large strand thrown loose from the knot. It had been unwound from the rest of the timeline's string, floating up into space and unraveling all the way to the start of the loop. Walter grimaced.

“ That’s... Bad.”

“ You think?! My Server’s timeline is unraveling and all you can say is it’s BAD?! ”

“ Look, XD...” Walter began, then trailed off as he continued to observe the timeline. Something about it was familiar, and it wasn't that he'd seen it before. It felt like there was a worm in the back of his mind, squirming, wiggling-

“ Shit. ”

XD swiveled at the exclamation, his full attention on Walter. Walter proceeded to drag his non-existent hands across his non-existent face.

“ Fuck. Fuuuuuuuuuuuck. ” After a moment he opened his eyes and groaned, feeling something twist in his core. **“ I may know what happened here. ”**

XD glared at him expectantly. *“ Then, pray tell, share with the class? ”*

Walter took a deep breath. **“ One of the last times I was here, I pulled on one of my threads, and the whole thing vibrated . The ripple shook another timeline, but I didn't see any damage in that moment. And I looked from every angle. I swear, that’s all that happened. ”**

XD *spasmed* , rage shaking his form accompanied by arcs of power lashing out in brilliant green bolts. They plunged through the void rapidly, timelines arcing to leap away from the display. The god shouted something, incomprehensible beneath the distortion of his divinity. Bolts of pure energy lashed at Walter, hissing with curses. In the Void, the emptiness between time and space, the god of the Dream SMP rampaged with a fury unlike any mortal's, cutting through the blankness that surrounded them.

In the face of the raging deity, Walter grit his teeth and stood his ground. With the flick of an incorporeal wrist a purple barrier flashed around him, the green arcs of energy lashing against it uselessly. XD could tear through the void in his frenzy for as long as he liked, and no harm would come to him. The perks to being higher-ranked, he supposed, stonily calm against the shrieking outside. For a moment it was all too easy to slip back to the being he used to be,

detached and formless, only an unceasing gaze turned upon the vast expanse of existence. For a moment, Walter wasn't *Walter* anymore, disconnected entirely from what it truly meant to *live* and *be* . For a moment, Walter felt like XD, like a being who knew nothing of the worlds they overlooked, eternally watching, never to understand those within.

And that realization, that moment of relation, hidden behind an impenetrable shield in an unreachable place, shook Walter to his very core. He had sworn to himself, when he began his existence on earth, that he would never forget the needs of others. He swore that as he took upon a human form and with it a human heart, he would always strive to be one with the people he reigned over. To feel this separation, to lose the warmth he always nursed in his heart, even for a single moment- it squeezed the part of him that had learned how to care with something sharp and aching. This was a fear unlike any he had allowed himself to grasp before. He had always been the most powerful being around, infallible and powerful, near-omniscient. He had bound himself to a world and learned truly what it meant to exist in all its highs and lows, he had learned to love a mortal and been loved in return. Walter, for the most part, had always had a solution for every problem, comfort for the inconsolable, strength for the weak. Walter was *Walter Herbert Oglevee Morrison Soot-Crondale* , and he had never met a match for his power or his love. He had always watched, and loved, and *created* . But here, in this void, surrounded by the anger of a god who's work he had nearly destroyed, Walter felt for the first time the crushing fear of *failure* .

Somewhere distant, he heard the crackling energy of XD's power calm as the god pulled himself back together. In response his own barrier hummed and flickered softly, then blinked out. Walter himself blinked once, twice, thrice, swallowing hard and shoving down the feeling gripping his heart. With the sensation of a radio tuning through static to a station, Walter composed himself and took a deep breath, then focused back on XD.

The green god practically hissed in return, form fizzing at the edges. The timelines surrounding them floated back towards the pair almost warily, the timeline of XD's Server settling between them. Walter blinked again, hard, and turned all his eyes upon the damaged portion.

“ XD, I swear to you, I had no idea that this happened. ” he swallowed again and if he were human, his tongue would've darted out to wet his lips. **“ I didn't do this on purpose. ”**

“ Do you swear it? ” XD hissed, though a certain exhaustion was betrayed by the slump of his form and the weight in his voice. *“ Do you swear it on The Creators themselves? ”*

“ I swear by The Creators, XD, what happened was totally unintentional. I wouldn't- I wouldn't *destroy* something like this. I wouldn't. ”

“ THEN FIX IT! ” he roared.

“ I can’t, XD, I’m sorry. ” and back again was the crushing, stabbing pain in his heart that cracked his voice and shook his hands. **“ I can’t fix this. I- I watch, and I move, and I meddle, but I can’t *Create* . This is beyond me. I can’t- I can’t fix this. ”**

For a moment, the air was still. Walter clenched his fists, or the approximation of them he had in the Void, and braced himself with a weight in his throat and words dying on his tongue. Then with a wordless, nearly agonized screech, XD vanished.

Walter held the cracking, crumbling thing inside him a moment longer, then choked as it forced itself out. The first sob was followed by another, then a third, and Walter found himself hunched over in the Void, fear and pain gripping him. Pieces of him seemed to slough off inside him and be spit up in heaving breaths, dripping from tears. He pressed the ghost of a hand to his facsimile of a face, coughing, heart contracting painfully. The emotions he carefully fostered over his years on earth burst, clawing at him, and Walter felt more human than he had ever before.

He wasn’t sure how long he let himself slump on the imperceptible floor of the Void, gates of his heart open to release the crushing pressure that had grown within. It could’ve been minutes, or hours, even days. Time didn’t pass in this place the way it did elsewhere, twisted into Servers and Worlds that wove themselves into stories big and small. No one interrupted him, no more visitors, and for that Walter was grateful. He didn’t know if he could handle another presence, after the way he shattered. With a sniff, he began to put all the pieces of himself that shook loose back in place.

Walter let himself ignore the timeline in front of him for a little longer, the thread shimmering softly in face of the dire danger it was in. The unraveling could mean its death. Of course, the thread and fiber things were just how such things manifested, a way to be more easily understood and molded -beyond the line between the gods and The Creators, a timeline was a very different thing- but the meaning was the same. An unraveling meant the end, or at worst, annihilation. The total oblivion of every person and thing from within.

With that cheerful thought and a twist in his gut, Walter took the shining, green string of loops in his hands. He cradled the sparking, frayed end and the unraveled stand close, and the weight of guilt settled firmly in his chest.

“ I’m so sorry. ” he muttered, to the silence surrounding him and the people trapped in a stasis within a crumbling Server, the loose and lost piece left wild and free. **“I’m so sorry I can’t fix this. I’m so sorry I can’t help you. ”**

The timeline didn't respond, because it couldn't hear him. Nothing could. Nothing, but... nothing but The Creators.

It was wild, desperate, crazy, but maybe... maybe they could help. Maybe they had the power to right his wrong. Maybe there was still hope.

Walter carefully shifted the timeline to one hand, then summoned a telephone just like the one in his house, back on earth, where he'd get back to someday when this was all over. Shakily he dialed a number and waited, waited for the familiar click of an automated answer.

“ Hey, boss. I fucked up. Swing by when you can? Thanks.”

And then he hung up.

Click!

End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed!!! I've been deeply in love with fwiadc ever since it's conception so it's always such a joy to write something for it :3

If you spot any errors don't be afraid to let me know! I am one person and I only have one brain, I'm doing what I can thumbsup

I started this in my math class literally as Eret was explaining the finale plans because they were driving me nuts so. Shoutout to Eret they worked so hard on these really amazing concepts and I will be building on them as I continue to work on fwiadc with klesek :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!